DAVIS MONUMENT IS NOW UNVEILED

Great Throng of Visitors in the The Capital City.

PROGRAM OF EXERCISES.

Three Days of Drenching Rain Drove Many Out of Town, But Other Arrivals Took Their Places.

Magnificent and inspiring beyond all expectations have been the ceremonies and pageantry attending the last day of the Confederate Reunion and the unveiling of the monument to President Davis.

Despite the predictions of pessimists, who had been disheartened by the rainy weather, which harrassed the old soldiers during the first days of the great gathering, the parade of "Johnny Reb" this morning was one of the most spectacular and thrilling sights ever presented to the gaze of the Richmond public.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that it will become an ineffaceable memory which the Old Dominion people will discuss for decades to come. In the minds of many it immortalizes the last rally call of the old soldiers, for the ranks of the mighty host will see such an aggregation of those who fought for the Cause.

Thousands of the gray-coated warriors appeared in the long column, which required more than an hour to pass a given point and was perhaps two miles in length.

After the pitiless rains of last week, many predicted that the procession to-day would be but a feeble affair, with only a few of the very faithful to fill its ranks, but this prophesy hit wide of the mark. The parade was unquestionably much larger than that of Thursday, while in nearly all respects it was more striking—more calculated to appeal to sentiment and arouse the tenderer emotions.

A Compromise in Weather.

Although the day broke gray and dreary, and for some hours it seemed to be a question of doubt whether the solar orb would push its way through the nimbus clouds, a compromise on the elements was finally reached, and there was sunshine a plenty, though it shed but a genial warmth and was at no time oppressive.

The air, for June, was abnormally cool and bracing, and this ozone did a notable part toward lending strength to the time-gnarled men who joined in the long march to the Davis memorial. Not for a minute was the marching uncomfortably hot, and not for a minute did they have to seek the shade.

As a matter of fact, however, their entire route, with the exception of a block or two, was beneath a canopy of leaves, for the trees of Grace and Franklin streets in full foliage and remarkably beautiful, especially with the intermittent sunshine filtered through them.

And, as far as the eye could reach, either east or west, waved untold hundreds of Confederate flags, big, little, pretentious and unpretentious. These combined with the gilt-tasseled colors of the militia and the various camp banners, lent a richness of color to the scene which is well-nigh indescribable.

A Day of Sentiment.

But after all, it was the sentiment of the day which made it unspeakably beautiful, deeply inspiring and unutterably pathetic, for none could fail to realize that in the events of the morning's march, for the most part, would never live to parade again in Richmond.

The effects of time on the old soldiers were everywhere visible.

Few of them—especially the noncommissioned officers—looked as soldierly and as martial as in the days of "four years," but the great majority of them bent and trembled under the weight of years of age. Scores even had to drop out of the line.

The occasion, however, was not one for dismal forebodings and pessimistic reflections; on the contrary, everything was inspiring and encouraging.

Feeble as were the veterans from North Carolina, they marched with a firm tread along the entire route of the procession, for the most part, and their ringing cheers showed that they, too, And the old boys from other States were equally as tireless and gay.

Never has there been a procession in Richmond which surpassed the one this morning in heart-touching incidents and soul-stirring pictures. It was a mosaic of fascinating scenes, for the united effort was found in the historic suggestiveness, which even the most unsentimental could not overlook. To some it seemed like a last glimpse of the veteran, and there is a link in a chain of sweet memories which man seeks to break.

Fine Music by the Bands.

A good deal of the inspiring, undoubtedly, was due to the music, which far surpassed that of Thursday, as several additional bands arrived yesterday and to-day. The members of these organizations all appeared in handsome uniforms, and their stirring strains of martial music, as they swung into the "Dixie" twenty times or more, and on occasions even more than that, as the column, halted at the reviewing grounds, but never did it fail to evoke applause.

Many Wartime Flags.

The music of the pageant, however, was only one of many things which aroused sentiment. Perhaps the most above all others was most gratified the populace, was the sight of many Confederate flags borne by the various Confederate organizations.

Scores of these precious emblems were almost too tattered and frayed out to cling to their staves, fluttered above the procession in all their faded and undying glory. In some instances, the crimson on the "Stars and Bars" had faded to a dull brown, while in others the once snowy white was a yellow with age.

Not only were battleflags in evidence, but also the first banners used by the Confederacy, to say nothing of many old State flags, which once had waved to the accompaniment of roaring bullets and shrieking shells.

The honors of flag-bearing in a pretty girl, attired in white, who marched with the graybeards beside an old, old man who used to be "mighty sweet" on her mamma, in nearly every other case, however, the battleflags were borne aloft by the oldest men of the respective camps.

In its parade, the spirit of youth mingled harmoniously with that of the somber tones of veterans, for hundreds of the Sons of Veterans appeared in the procession, marching and riding, while the eighty-eight sponsors, all maids of honor, embowered in a luxurious Beauty roses and spring flowers, looked exceedingly charming.

Last Saturday the Grand Camp of United Veterans voted that these early Confederate girls of this generation should not be left out of the parade, and the wisdom of their action was well demonstrated to-day, for their presence lent to the lot of the fallen.

Every carriage which came freighted with one of these sweet maidens was the need of vociferous applause, which was gratefully acknowledged.

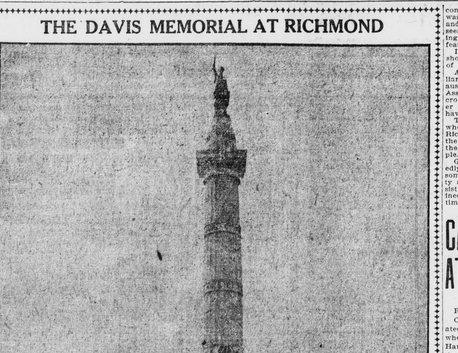
Bryan Cordially Greeted.

It would be difficult to say which of the day's celebrities got the most applause. Richmond had one unexpected stranger with her who certainly cannot say that he was

Locust Dale Academy

offers greater advantages at lower rates than any other high grade school. For health, comfort, able instruction and good influences stands at the top. Terms, $200. Write for catalog. A. W. W. BRIGGS, Principal, LOCUST DALE, Va.

THE DAVIS MEMORIAL AT RICHMOND



The Jefferson Davis Memorial, standing in the midst of the broad and spacious Monument Avenue, presents to the eye a scene of imposing grandeur, more especially when viewed along the eastern approach.

From a distance the marble collocation shows up excellently. The tall spire mounts a cylindrical shaft upwards to the heavens, surmounted by a figure representing the spirit of the South. Below and in front of the shaft is the figure of Mr. Davis, and surrounding the whole is a half circle of noble columns.

In detail the memorial may be described as follows:

In the center and surrounded by the colonade is a pillar sixty feet high, at the top of which stands an allegorical figure of a woman known as "Vindicatrix." At the base of this pillar is a pedestal five feet high, and the bronze figure of President Davis is eight feet in height. The inscriptions on the pillar are in Latin. Davis, Exponent of Constitutional Principles, Defender of State Rights;" and beneath this, "Crescit Occulto Velut Arbor aevo Famo."

THE INSCRIPTIONS.

On each side of the pedestal is the inscription: "As citizen, soldier, statesman, he advanced the glory, defiance of the United States. When his allegiance to that Government was terminated by his election to the presidency of the Confederate States, he gave his life to the cause."

On the right side of the pedestal is inscribed: "With constancy and courage unsurpassed he sustained the heavy burden laid upon him by the people whose cause was just, who, dignity he met defeat, with forbearance, with entire devotion he kept the faith."

On the left side of the pedestal is the inscription: "To the memory of Jefferson Davis, who, for the sake of others, not to injure any section of the country, not even for our own pecuniary benefit, but from the high motive of patriotism, gave his property and willingly risked his life and lost it in the defense of the rights of his native land, and transmitted them unimpaired to our children." This statement was made by Jefferson Davis in the United States Senate June 21, 1861.

On the right side of the pedestal is the inscription: "Erected by the South in honor of their great leader, commemorating their love for the man, their reverence for his virtues, their gratitude for his services."

The left end of the colonnade panel bears an inscription to the navy and the Confederate States, and the right end an inscription of the Confederate army.

committees. The pyrotechnic display was magnificent beyond expectations and was pronounced the finest ever seen in Richmond. Especially striking were the set pieces portraying the features of popular Southern soldiers.

Idlewood also was packed, while the shows at the Bijou and the Academy of Music played to "capacity" houses.

At least 2,000 people also heard William Jennings Bryan lecture under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The hotels also were crowded, and had there been any other entertainments, these, too, would have commanded immense audiences.

The most pleasing thing about the whole reunion is the manner in which Richmond's guests speak of it, and the gratitude they express regarding the hospitality of the Richmond people.

General Stephen D. Lee has repeatedly taken occasion to say the handsomest kinds of things while the property sponsors and maids of honor insist that they never before had imagined that they could have such a good time.

CABLE PARTED AT BOAT'S STERN

RICHMOND, VA., June 3.

Considerable excitement was created on the river front this morning when four boats—the Rosedale, Hampton, John Sylvester and Queen Anne—run by Norfolk people, and carrying about 1,500 excursionists from this city to the exposition, left the old Clyde Line wharf about 9:30 o'clock.

The steamer aboard the boats, each a pleasure boat, were cheering and in that particularly happy frame of mind that ordinarily dominates those expecting a good time.

The Rosedale led off with the band playing "Dixie," and the crowds responding to the echo. No thought of danger was entertained and all went merrily as a wedding bell, until the signal came for the Rosedale to cast-off, when the stern line parted. The steamer's nose pointed up stream.

The cable attached to the bow had been cast loose when, owing to the rapid currents of the river due to high water, the craft began securing the stern of the boat to the wharf, in order to swing her around, snapping and leaving the boat to the mercy of the high water.

The steamer drifted broad-side down stream and turned into the Navy Works barge, Lizzie Wallace. No tugs were at once available.

After getting away from the barge the Queen Anne floating half a mile down stream, but finally pulled out at the Norfolk & Western docks.

There was naturally some excitement on board, but the captain, who kept his head, averted any untoward results. After leaving the Chesapeake and Ohio docks the steamer continued on the trip down the river.

BRENAMAN, SECRETARY.

Deputy Insurance Commissioner to Take Colonel Button's Place on State Committee.

RICHMOND, VA., June 2.

It is reported here to-night on excellent authority today—authority which cannot be questioned—that Chairman Eggleston, of the State Democratic Executive, has decided to appoint Deputy Insurance Commissioner Brenaman, secretary of the body, vice Colonel Joseph Button, resigned.

Mr. Brenaman succeeds Colonel Button on assuming the duties of Insurance Commissioner, which is resignation, as he felt that he could not do his duty to the Democratic party and the difficult work or organizing the State campaign.

Chairman Ellyson, however, was loth to accept the resignation, and the matter was held in abeyance for a few days, but Mr. Ellyson finally decided that Mr. Brenaman, who discharged his duties with ability, was the man for the place, and a hard worker.

Mr. Brenaman still finds himself unable to continue in the position of Deputy Insurance Commissioner, Mr. Brenaman.

TRIED TO END LIFE IN STATION CELL

Thos. Powell Used His Belt, But Was Found Hanging Before Life Was Extinct.

RICHMOND, VA., June 2.

At 4:30 this morning Thomas Powell be mad, he manages to insnib himself by the method in his actions.

Powell, who is a white man about fifty-five years of age, giving his residence as Hanover, tried to commit suicide last night at the Second Police Station, where he was locked up pending a call by himself. He would have succeeded in his attempt to end his existence had not another prisoner been marched to the cell in which Powell was confined by the police officer discovered Powell suspended by his belt. The officer cut the belt and the old man fell to the floor. The officer found that the belt had been fastened around the bars of the window in the cell, and that Powell had placed his head through the loop and then pulled back with his body, thus choking himself to death.

Powell was brought before Police Justice Crutchfield this morning and charged with attempted suicide. He was fined $10 and costs, which he paid.

Powell, who is a man of fifty-five years of age, is giving his occupation as that of a farmer. He is said to have relatives living in Hanover county.

PRESS OPINION.

Washington Herald:

Recent agitation in favor of a difference in price between upper and lower berths in sleeping cars has resulted in unofficial acknowledgment upon the part of the Pullman management that a lower berth should cost more than an upper. This promulgation looks as if we are on the verge of receiving a backward kick from reform.

Louisville Courier-Journal:

Another defeat means party extinction. It means the loss of the South to Democracy. It means a new, maybe a long lease of power to the Republicans. But, if the Democratic party goes down—and we say this in sadness no less than in candor—Mr. Bryan, too, will go down, and in the revival of a socialized Democracy that follows, it will be Hearst, not Bryan, who will hold the whip hand, and the worst of this to Mr. Bryan will be that the mass and body of Democrats —particularly and universally at the South—will hold him answerable.

New Orleans States:

This is a matter in which the public is vitally interested, because the liability of broken rails means an increase of the chances of death which already makes our railroad traffic the most dangerous on earth. But what concern is it to Mr. Morgan and other millionaire philathropists of the Steel Trust that passengers on a train are killed and mangled by the breaking of a rotten rail, so long as the railroads are compelled to buy the worthless product of the trust and pay seven or eight dollars a ton more for it than they would have to pay for foreign made rails or infinitely better quality were the tariff duty removed?

Charleston News and Courier:

We have heretofore emphasized that permanent prosperity in the South will largely turn upon the South's independence of New York and other Eastern centers, but that there is objection to their insurance companies competing for business in the South, but merely that all the money we can borrow shall not flow in one direction. It is unreasonable to expect that the insurance company will claim Pennsylvania as its home, and not regard it as Pennsylvania claims the. South now, and the ideal point will be reached when sectionalism in life insurance shall have disappeared.

Montgomery Advertiser:

The Steel Trust, to say nothing of others, has enough sins at its door responsible for hard times and low prices, the charge is made that for no better reason than the accumulation of more

Smithdeal Business College
Broad & 9th Sts., RICHMOND, VA.
Commercial, Stenographic, Telegraphic and Eng. Depts. Locks & gentlemen. No vacation. "It is the leading Business College south of the Potomac. Rich in endowment." "When I reached Richmond, I inquired of several business men for the leading school in the city, and, without exception, they all recommended Smithdeal's as the best." C. E. Ross, Lee Street Tobacconist, Richmond. Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Writing, taught by mail.

4,000 LIVES LOST.

Earthquake at Rising Kang, Causes Fearful Destruction of Property and Life.

VICTORIA, B. C., June 4.—By a terrible earthquake at Rising Kang, which was brought by the steamer Empress of China, today, 4,000 people have been lost. It is so received Yokio last before the steamer contained the information. The number of houses destroyed and persons buried is not known.

A Chinese paper said to have felt the earthquakes, having the greatest force.

SEVEN HEADS PROVED A TRIFLE NUMEROUS

The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch of June 3d editorially says:

"Despite the absolute accuracy of the information published in this paper yesterday, and absolutely touching the point to which it referred, the Democratic State management is now fully recognized, and the attempt will be earried further to muddle the facts, and make it appear that there is a split in the Democratic opposition.

"We also stated that Mr. Brenaman, who is secretary of the Democratic State Board of Governors requested him to do so, and agreed to allow the presence of any questions arising out of the management of the affairs of the Backers' Committee. Both of these propositions met with the approval of the governors, and, therefore, there is no ground for the statement which was made in the report made on the treasurership of Mr. Bouldin.

Ex-Treasurer Hechler Gives Bond For $16,101.92.

RICHMOND, VA., June 3.

Henry C. Hechler, ex-Treasurer of Henrico county, who was removed by the Board of Supervisors at a special session of the board this morning and succeeded by Mr. Bouldin, appeared before the board this morning and filed with the clerk his bond in the penalty of $16,101.92, which was approved by the board.

Battles.

Sorty-one battles were fought within the 404 battles, actions and skirmishes of the Civil War, according to the official records of the War Department. Here is a list of the forty-one battles, designated by the number of killed between the schedule and the number wounded:

Mr. Hechler, when called on to sign the bond, refused to do so, the board, arose and expressed willingness to hand in his own check for the amount to which Henrico county was entitled, but the county, which check he gave for a few minutes later and received credit of Henrico county.

Mr. Carter's Wig.

Mr. Robert Paxton Carter, of George Pawcett Company, pharmacist, Academy of Music, tells the following story of his first appearance on the stage:

Mr. Carter puts it, "in a society play that I had never anything to say, but I very important duties, dispensing of roses and wines to the ushers during the third act.

"I made up James' with a long yellow wig, and was rather proud of his appearance.

"Is this all right, sir?" I asked the stage manager.

"Yes," he said, "that's pretty well, but I don't like the wig. It seems to be too much hair in it."

"I took the wig back to my dressing room and began combing it out, when I heard a loud shout of laughter, and, as a last resort, I put the wig on my head and went on the stage.

"Why, you look like a negro minstrel!" exclaimed the manager.

"I then I understood. It was the wig. I took it off, and, as I did so, I felt my own hair. It was gone.

"I went to the long pier glass and then I understood. It was the gray hair dye which I had used. I'm very tall, and in that little dressing room I was obliged to lean over to get a view of myself. My head was reflected in the glass, and, as I did so, the dye, which I had used to darken my gray hair, dripped in streaks. Fire engine red was the color of my hair crown and then another, until finally the whole thing ran down my cuffs upon a fruitful perception. My face was a study, while the actor and hero and appealing heroine's handkerchief.

A Strange Ocean Postoffice.

I should like to mention a postoffice in the ocean, which is probably the most primitive in the whole world, and differs from all others in detail. It is in the South American continent, on the coast of Peru, and the name of the spot is one of the most extraordinary and misrepresentation that have ever been given to any place. It is the first judgment, out of this world, that I have ever heard of a place called Paradise, and I am sure that the first glimpse through the straits send a host of sailors to take a look at it, and the willingness to hand it a letter. Paradise is a small bay, with a few houses and a pier, and there is nothing to be seen there. The postoffice is organized that the captain of each steamer that calls there is appointed postmaster for the time being, and he has to sell the stamps and collect the letters. There is no official postmaster, and no one pays any attention to the matter. The